

Death 1: A Box Of Chocolates

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Summary: Death...nobody dies in this ok, but why do you think I have different parts?? Anyway, this is focused on Simon, who meets Vicki, another self-insertion, and buys her a nice V-Day present. And if I get enough good reviews, I'll continue writing the series.

Death 1: A Box Of Chocolates

*A/N: Alright, Vicki here is also a self-insertion...and yes I know Vicki has been in my other fics, and always seems to be a self-insertion, SO, here's the deal; the Vicki in my digimon fix and the Vicki in this fic are both self-insertions, but they're still different people. Does that make sense? Oh, and if you're wondering about the title, Death, it's cuz at the end of this series...umm, nevermind...

Death 1: A Box Of Chocolates

It was a day before Valentine's Day, and Simon still didn't have a date. His girlfriend dumped him for Brian, the more popular Jock..._Why do all the girls go for the hot jocks!?!_ Simon thought to himself

*A/N: As if you're not hot???

When he walked down the school hall, he caught a glimpse of his ex kissing Brian...he held back tears as he ran to his locker.

Simon quickly grabbed his books and shoved them into his backpack, eager to get home before he burst into tears in front of the whole school. One tear rolled down his cheek. He slammed his locker door shut and saw a girl with long black hair standing next to him. Simon wiped his tear off.

"Are you ok?" asked the girl.

Simon just walked away, leaving the girl disappointed.

"Mommy, why is Simon taking so long? I want to give him his Valentine's Day present!" Ruthie complained.

Annie almost finished washing the dishes. "Oh, Ruth, I'm sure Simon was just taking time to hang out with his friends!" she smiled.

"Where did you get the money for it anyway?"

"My allowance, of course!" Ruthie said.

"You didn't have to get everyone of your siblings presents."

"Yeah, I know, but I love them!"

"And I'm sure they loved your presents, even Sam and David!" Annie rubbed Ruthie's back when Simon came barging into the house, not looking too happy.

Annie looked worried. "What's wrong, Simon?" she asked.

"Simon, Simon, look what I got for you!" Ruthie said excitedly, handing Simon her present.

"Thanks Ruthie..."

"Open it, open it!" Ruthie jumped up and down as Simon slowly tore off the silver paper that covered his gift. Inside was a box with a clear "window." He peeked in and saw a big heart-shaped chocolate with "Love, Ruthie" carved in it. Simon was surprised and wondered how she got the money for it.

"Do you like it?" asked Ruthie.

"I love it," Simon whispered as he knelt down and hugged Ruthie, crying in her shoulder.

"Aww, Simon what's wrong?" Ruthie asked, hugging Simon and patting his back. Simon didn't reply, though his whole body shook from his crying.

"Ruthie, why don't you go play with Lucy and Mary ok?" Annie ushered Ruthie up the stairs, and Simon collapsed into the floor sobbing.

Annie then knelt into the floor with Simon and, putting her hand on his back, asked "Simon, what's wrong?"

"Nothing," Simon walked into the living room and sat on the couch, still crying.

"I don't think nothing's wrong if you suddenly burst into tears," Annie told him.

"I...I'm just touched at what Ruthie gave me," Simon started crying harder.

"Simon, I am your mother and I expect to know about things that are

bothering you! I love you and I don't like to see you devastated like this!"

Simon finally revealed his tear-stained face and looked at his mother. "Terry dumped me."

"Well, I don't see why it should be that big of a deal!"

"Mom, you don't understand. Terry and I have been together for 4 months now, and besides, she never liked Brian?"

"Who's Brian?" Annie frowned.

"He's one of the more popular, hot jocks. Terry used to always complain to me about how much she hated him, but today Brian asked her out and she accepted, right away! Now I don't even have anyone for Valentine's day."

"You have Ruthie!"

"Mom, I'm serious."

Annie held Simon and comforted him. "Simon, these things happen all the time. I'm sure you'll find someone even better than her by tomorrow! Way better than her!"

"Even if I did, she wouldn't want me." Simon said, crying less.

Annie smiled. "I don't see why all the girls at school aren't drooling about you."

"Very funny Mom." Simon giggled a little. He sat up and hugged her.

"That's better. Just forget about her; she wasn't good enough for you anyway!"

They broke the hug. "Thanks Mom," Simon smiled. He kissed his mother's cheek and ran up to his room to finish some homework.

Next day...

Happy for his mother, Simon opened his locker and took his books out. When he closed the locker door, he once again saw the girl he had encountered the day before.

"I'd think we'd have a more friendly conversation," the girl said frowning.

Since Simon wasn't in a bad mood, he decided it wouldn't hurt to start a conversation. "Aren't you the new girl?"

The girl looked even more disappointed and tossed her head to the side. "I've been here for **two** months, I wouldn't consider myself **new**."

"What's your problem?" Simon asked.

"I don't know about you, but in my opinion it was rude of you to ignore me like that yesterday."

"I was in a bad mood, ok...my name's Simon." he held his hand out to shake her hand.

The girl didn't budge an inch. "I'm Vicki." she was still frowning.

"Will you just let it go? I didn't mean to hurt you, I'm sorry!" Simon apologized.

Vicki suddenly smiled. "I was waiting for that." she shook his hand. "So, who's your date for tomorrow, eh?" she asked playfully.

"Umm, well, she kinda dumped me yesterday..." Simon said looking away to hide his sorrow.

"Oh, is that why you were so sad yesterday?"

"Yeah...who's your date?"

"Brian," Vicki replied proudly.

"Wha....." Simon's jaw dropped.

Vicki suddenly looked mad. "I know that Brian is popular, hot, and a jock, but it DOESN'T mean that I'm not GOOD enough for him!!! So what if I'm not pretty, smart, or popular, it..."

"No, it isn't that, you see..."

"What!?" Vicki asked disappointed.

"You see, Brian and...well, he's going out with Terry now, which is why she dumped me..." Simon began.

"WHAT!?!?!?!?!?!?!?" Vicki screamed, suddenly becoming the center of attention.

"Oops..." _WHY did I have to make her mad again!?!_ Simon asked himself.

Vicki marched up to Brian and slapped him.

"What's the problem, hon'?" asked Brian, rubbing his cheek.

"You know what's wrong, you didn't even TELL me you were going out with Terry! You could've atleast told me instead of letting me find out the wrong way!" Vicki ran to the bathroom, crying.

"Oh gosh, that was definitely the wrong move," Simon scolded himself.

Terry ran into the bathroom after Vicki. _What's she gonna do to her!?!_ Simon almost ran into the girl's bathroom but remembered that he wasn't supposed to...

Vicki sat in the corner of the bathroom, crying. Terry walked up to her.

"I don't usually go running after low-class girls like you,..." Terry started. Vicki looked up at her; Terry was wearing an expensive-looking blue silk sleeveless dress with silver strappy high-heeled sandals. Vicki, on the other hand, was wearing a plain yellow tube-top and black pants with light-green platform sandals.

"...I mean, just the thought of going up to a girl with absolutely no pride, like you, is just sickening!" Terry continued.

"What do you want!?" Vicki asked, standing up.

"I'll try to make this quick - Brian meant to tell you about us, but he couldn't find you! I'm happy that he *finally* came to his senses and dumped you for me, I'm actually surprised that he'd choose someone like you for a girlfriend in the first place. Then again, you aren't as bad as others, I mean, at least you have some looks, and a somewhat good taste in clothes. But face it, you'll never even come close to beating us." Terry said evilly.

Vicki started crying again. "Will you get to the point?"

"Just don't hurt Brian, he was about to tell you that he didn't want anything to do with you anymore."

Vicki almost reached the door when Terry added, "Oh, and don't bother trying to get him back. If you're at all smart, you'd know that NOTHING will make him want you again. So don't waste your time, try finding someone of your own class."

Vicki sobbed and ran out of the bathroom into the cafeteria. Terry came out of the bathroom and looked at Brian, smiling. Suddenly, she was shoved into the wall by Simon.

"WHAT did you do to her? HUH?" Simon asked angrily.

"Nothing big, geez..."

"I don't think something small would make her run to the cafeteria SOBBING."

"Ooh, I think I know who has an admirer here!" Terry said.

Simon let go of her and ran to the cafeteria.

He reached the cafeteria to find Vicki crying in the floor.

Simon walked to her and asked, "Forget about her, she's not even worth making a big deal about."

"Not if you heard what she said," Vicki said, not moving.

"It doesn't matter what she says, I'm sure whatever she told you wasn't true." Simon uncomfortably put his hand on her back.

Vicki then got up and looked at Simon. "She said that I was ugly and

had a bad taste of everything, that I was low-class, and you can't argue with that!"

"Vicki, that's not true!!" Simon walked her to a bench. "You have a great taste of clothes, and you are definitely not ugly," he slipped.

"You serious?" Vicki asked, starting to smile.

"Uhh...yeah, of course! Terry's the one without any looks!" he slipped, again...

Vicki wiped her tears off. "Thank you!" she smiled as she hugged Simon.

Problem #1, I slip way too much. Simon thought, slightly embarrassed. When the bell rang, he and Vicki let go of each other and walked to their homerooms.

When Simon opened his locker, a slip of paper flew out. He grabbed it and read it:

_Vicki

555-1899

—

Simon smiled and he walked home.

"How was school today?" Annie asked as Simon walked into the house.

"It was great!" replied Simon, still smiling, still holding the slip of paper.

"Oh? And what do you mean by 'great?'"

"Wonderful...Mom, you were right, I did find somebody!"

"Really??" asked Annie, surprised.

"Yeah, we've only known each other for a day and she gave me her phone number!" Simon handed her the paper with her phone number.

"Vicki, eh?" Annie smiled.

"Yup! We aren't serious or anything, but for Valentine's day, I want to get her some roses or something!"

"Whoa, don't rush into this Simon, start with something simple, like a bracelet or a pair of cute earrings?"

"Like jewelry isn't simple!?" Simon smiled.

"Well, roses usually symbolize love, a relationship, you know?"

"That's the point, Mom!"

"Trust me on this one, Simon."

"Ok, ok, ok," Simon got up and went to the store.

The roses looked perfect, absolutely perfect, for Vicki. But Annie had been able to help Simon once, so he decided to follow what she said and looked for something else.

Walking up and down the isles, he found many things that looked good to give Vicki. But when he passed the candy isle, he couldn't help but get distracted by a box of chocolates. The box itself was beautiful; silver with black diagonal stripes, and on the corner was a white ribbon tied into a bow. There was a little window that showed white, regular, and dark chocolates in all kinds of different shapes and flavors. Some were truffles, some were covered with coconut, some were filled with hazelnut cream...but they all looked good layed beautifully on a black tray. Simon knew this would be perfect. He bought the chocolates and quickly ran home.

When Simon got home, he called Vicki right away.

"Hello?" Vicki answered.

"Hey, this is Simon!"

"Oh, hi!" Vicki blushed.

"Could you meet me in the park right now?" Simon asked.

"Well, I could get there in five minutes..."

"Deal! See ya there!" Simon hung up without even letting her say bye. He was too excited to give her his gift.

"Would you mind telling me more about Vicki?" Annie asked.

"Oh, absolutely!" Simon sat on the couch. "She has long, straight, black hair, and she puts tiny braids inside, so it looks perfect, and she's very beautiful...heck, I even love her attitude!...she has green eyes, and she has these cute silver heart earrings and a matching necklace and ring, which she wears everyday to school..."

"How did you know she wears them everyday?"

"Oh, I've seen her before."

"So, what did you get her?"

"A box of chocolates...I have to go now Mom! I'm meeting her at the park to give her my present!" Simon smiled.

"Wait a second," Annie said as she kissed her son on his forehead. Then, she popped a mint in his mouth.

"Umm, mom, what's the mint for?" Simon asked suspiciously.

"You'll find out," Annie smiled.

Author's note: Sorry Eric, Lucy, Mary, and Matt don't have any roles in this fic! ^^' They'll probably have parts in part 2! =)

Simon ran out the door to the park. When he got there, Vicki was sitting on a swing, her back facing him. He crept up behind her and placed the gift on her lap. Vicki jumped a little, startled.

"You didn't get me roses..." Vicki said.

_ Oh, great, now I have to ruin her Valentine's Day by giving her the wrong gift!_

"You're different, Simon..."

I am soo gonna get it...

"You're the kind of guy I've been looking for!" Vicki smiled.

_Ok, so she _likes_ the chocolates and isn't mad that she didn't get roses..._ Simon blushed and suddenly became very interested of the mint in his mouth.

Vicki fingered the box and cried silent tears of joy. "Thank you Simon," she whispered.

Simon sat on the swing next to her and said "Your welcome."

"They're beautiful, really. No one's ever given me chocolate, instead they bombard me with flowers. But atleast you're not rushing into anything."

Thank you Mom, mouthed Simon. "I hope it makes you feel better, I wanted to make sure you still weren't sad about Terry."

"Oh, don't worry, I just forgot about it. I've been able to make myself feel better after these kind of things." Vicki said sadly.

"What do you mean?" Si mon asked, curiously.

"I used to be made fun of a lot in my old school. I was the school geek, I guess you can say, and even though I had plenty of friends, they usually took sides with the popular people. I felt so alone, and finally I almost killed myself, but then one of my friends left a message in my answering machine inviting me to a birthday party. I decided to give my friends another chance, but when I just couldn't stand life anymore, I finally slit my wrists, legs, arms, cheeks, chest, and throat." Simon gasped as Vicki showed him her scars.

"My parents found me unconcious, covered in blood, in the basement, and they immediately took me to the hospital. I had lost a lot of blood, and just when I thought I'd die, I was saved. Lots of my

friends, even the popular people, came to the hospital filling my room with get well cards, flowers, and candy. I never told anyone why I tried killing myself, but I was very disappointed that I didn't die.

"I became stronger though. I was still the school geek, but I learned to not let those things get to me. I knew that if I tried killing myself, I'd end up being saved by my parents and it would be wasting their money, so I quit trying to kill myself and returned to being a 'normal' girl. When I moved to this school, I was so happy. I was asked out by Brian, I had tons of friends, and no one but Terry dissed me."

Simon took Vicki's hand in his. "I'm sorry about what happened."

"No, it's ok, really. Let's just...I wanna go home now," Vicki started crying again.

"Sorry I asked you about it," Simon said sadly.

"It's alright."

Simon and Vicki walked back to her house, hand-in-hand, without saying a word.

They arrived at her house after about twenty minutes. "Thanks for walking me home," Vicki said.

"No problem, it's not like I'm doing anything special tonight." Simon smiled.

"I'm really sorry I don't have a gift for you, but hopefully this will make up for it." Vicki held Simon's hands and softly kissed his lips. Simon was very surprised at her sudden move. _So that's what the mint was for._

When Vicki let go, blushing, she whispered "Happy Valentine's Day" and disappeared in her house.

Simon got home and said loudly, "Mom, I know what the mint was for!"

Annie went downstairs, happy for her son, and hugged him.

"Did you have fun?" she asked.

"Yeah.....I'm tired though, so goodnight!" Simon kissed his mom's cheek and ran upstairs.

He passed Ruthie's room and it sounded like she was playing with dolls, so he quietly walked into her room.

"Oh, hi Simon, wanna play with me?" Ruthie asked.

"Ruthie, you should be asleep now!" Simon laughed as he swiped his hand across her forehead, which burned his finger.

"Oh my gosh, you have a fever!" Simon said worried. "You definitely have to go to sleep!"

"But Simon, I feel fine! You, Mom, and Dad must not know what a fever really feels like." Ruthie complained.

Simon smiled. "Goodnight," he said and kissed her forehead. He turned off the lights and fell asleep in his room.

If I get enough *good* reviews, I'll put up the rest of the parts...actually, I haven't even written them yet,....sorry it's so bad, I wrote this all in one hour so I was really rushed, but I think it'll be better after I write the next parts =) Once again, the title Death has nothing to do with this part, but you'll see why I named this fic that if you like it. L8r! ^_^

~~~Sora~~~

End  
file.